

PENNY FLOATER

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EXT. RIVERSIDE PATH - DAY

The two boys ride along. The shrubbery passing by at a gentle pace alongside them.

Bushes reclaim allotments on either side. Shopping trolleys, carrier bags and single shoes lie discarded on the floor beside the path.

Bobby stops his bike, Deacon following him.

DEACON

What?

BOBBY

Can ya not hear that.

DEACON

Ner.

A murmur grows from beyond the path behind them. A low rumble like the distant marching of an unseen army.

The two boys look at each other for a moment.

The noise gains clarity. The sound of a motor.

DEACON (CONT'D)

It's a fuckin scrambler! Peg it!

The two boys start tearing up the road. The Netto bag on Bobby's handle flailing wildly with the motion.

The boys pant heavily, Deacon's being punctuated with a chuckle.

The motor can be heard defiantly now.

The metal steed and it's three-stripe clad rider, adorned with a neon green helmet, come into view down the path behind them.

Deacon is laughing maniacally now, Bobby still just dead set on staying forward.

Deacon stops his bike, takes out his pistol and starts unloading shots.

Bobby speeds past him, not stopping.

BOBBY

What ya doin' ya spaka!

Deacon puts his gun away and starts on again.

The miniature motorbike grows ever close, now no longer just a silver and green blotch in the distance.

Deacon pulls his gun out again, as the bike moves he goes to start shooting again, this time the bike catches on a trench in the floor and sends him skittering over the handle bars and onto the floor.

Just as he's getting back to his feet, the rider is upon him.

Without hesitation the rider dismounts, as the mini-motorbike continues out on it's own volition, clattering into the road further past where Deacon landed.

As Deacon has finally regained his composure, the rider that towers over the little boy clarts him over the head.

He holds his head with tears in his eyes.

DEACON

Ya fuckin' dickhead a hate yi.

Bobby sits still on his bicycle just further up the road, watching the scene unfold with wide eyes.

The rider removes his helmet, then throws it rolling across the path.

The furrowed brow of TOMMY (17) looks down on Deacon, his fringe compressed to his head and a wisp of a moustache on his upper lip.

Deacon tries to kick at the lad but he grabs him, his little arms flail in the older boy's grasp.

TOMMY

Pack it in ya puff.

DEACON

Why'd ya smack is for?

Deacon's bottom lip trembles gently.

TOMMY

Cos ya were shooting at is ya fuckin' spastic. Me da says ya took all his tabs. Give is them.

DEACON

A fuckin' never.

Tommy clarts Deacon again, this time softer.

Deacon punches Tommy in the leg, as he goes to repeat it
Tommy grabs his arm and twists it.

DEACON (CONT'D)
OW MAN. GERROFF IS.

TOMMY
Give is the tabs now ya little
flid.

Deacon holds out a crumpled box in his little hand. Tommy
takes it and shoves him onto the floor.

Tommy takes a tab out and lights it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Where yis gan.

DEACON
Shag some bord.

TOMMY
Shut the fuck up.

DEACON
I am, ya ersil. Tell him Bobby.

Tommy and Deacon look up to Bobby who's still sat, silent and
staring, further up the path.

TOMMY
Fucks an ersil.

DEACON
Yee. We're gan to Whitley to shag
some slappa.

TOMMY
Shut up ya fuckin' puddin'.

DEACON
No you. Where's me fatha?

TOMMY
Where ya think ya little spastic.

Tommy walks over to his mini-motorbike and stands it upright.
He looks up the road to Bobby, grinning with the tab in his
mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Where's your fatha?

DEACON

Shurrrup!

Deacon is stood holding his pistol with both hands, aimed at Tommy.

Tommy lurches forward, a feigned boxing stance, the two boys flinch, then Deacon unloads a couple of shots at him.

As Tommy steps up to clart him one more time, Bobby rides straight into Tommy's mini-motorbike with the kinetic energy of a sinking ship.

The sound of metal scraping against the path.

TOMMY

Ya little cunt.

He begins to bound over to Bobby, all the while Bobby tries to turn the bike around.

Just as Tommy is almost upon him, the neon green helmet collides with the back of Tommy's head.

With hardly any momentum the collision just makes a dull thud, leaving Tommy with a bewildered and angry look on his face.

Deacon's bicycle tears past him.

DEACON

Haway man!

Just as Tommy tries to snatch Bobby, he flies off too.

The two boys tear off down the road as Tommy runs after them.

The two shirtless bandits ride on as Tommy gives in and watches the two bikes disappear on the horizon.